Tuesday Morn.

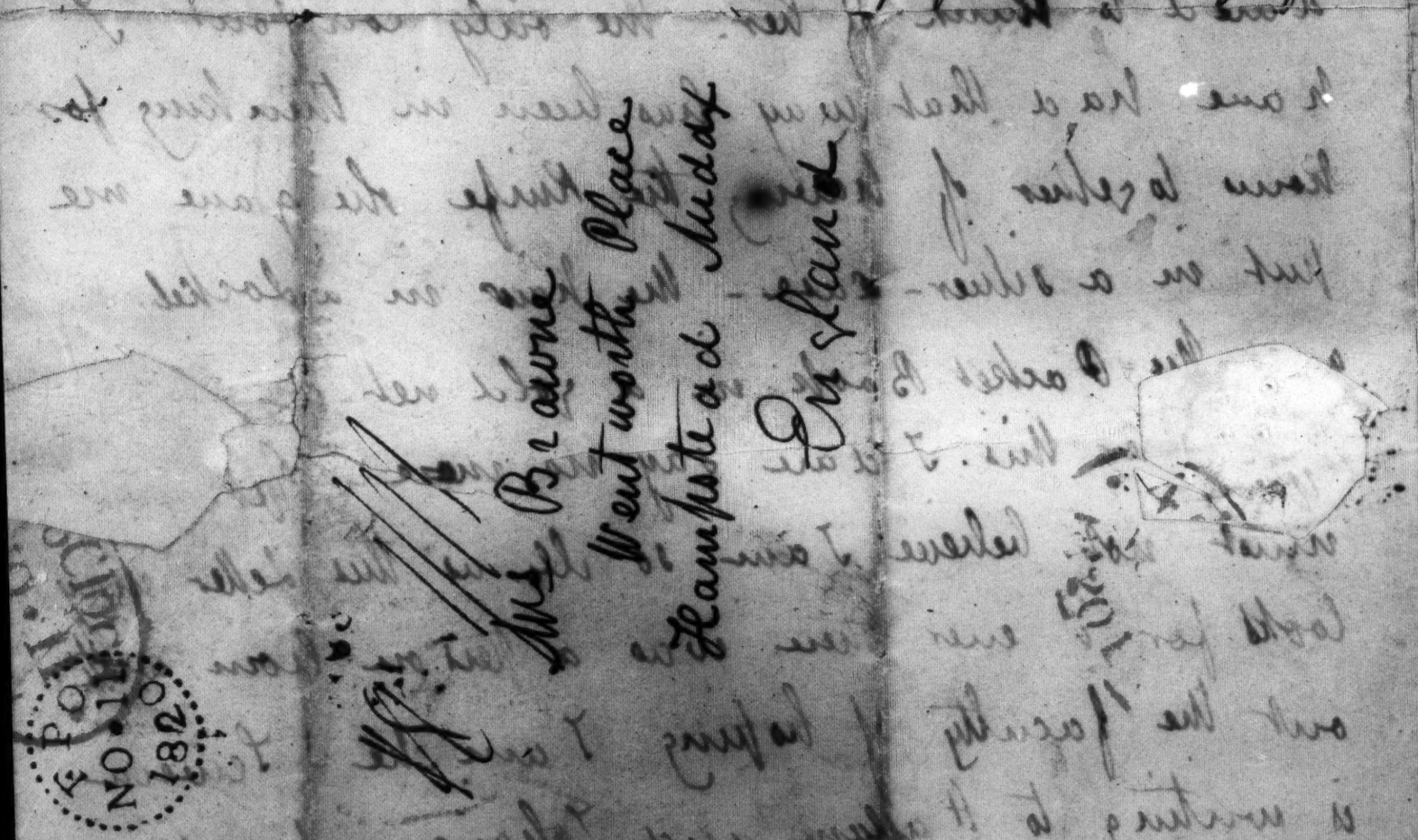
My dearest Girl,

I wrote a letter for you yesterday expecting to have seen your mother. I shall be selfish enough to send it though I know it may give you a little pain, because I wish you to see how unhappy I am for love of you, and endeavour as much as I can to entice you to give up your whole heart to one whole whole existence hangs upon you. You could not step or move an eyelid but it would shoot to my heart — I am dreaming of you — Do not think of any thing but me. Do not love as if I was not existing! — Do not forget me — But have I any right to say you forget me? Perhaps you think of me all day. Have I any right to wish you to be unhappy for me? You would forgive me for wishing it, if you knew the extreme passion I have that you should love me — and for you to love me as I do you, you must think of no one but me, much less write that sentence. Yesterday and this morning I have been haunted with a sweet voice in

I have seen you the whole time in your
Shepherdess dress. How my senses have
ached at it! How my heart has been
devoted to it! How my eyes have been
full of Tears at it! I dread I think a real
Love is enough to occupy the widest heart
your going to town alone, when I heard
of it was a shock to me – yet I re-lected
it – promise me you will not for some
time, till I get better. Promise me this and
fill the paper full of the most endearing
names. If you cannot do so with good
will, do my Love tell me – say what
you think – confess if your heart is too
much fasten'd on the world. Perhaps then
I may see you at a greater distance, I
may not be able to approximate you so
closely to myself. Were you to loose a fa-
vorite bird from the cage, how would your
eyes ache after it as long as it was in sight,
when out of sight you would recover a little.
Perhaps if you would, if so it is, confess
to me how many things are necessary to
you besides me, I might be happier, by be

ing less lantalize. Well may you exclaim, how selfish how cruel, not to let me enjoy my youth! to wish me to be unhappy! You must be so if you love me - upon my soul I can be contented with nothing else. If you could really what is called enjoy yourself at a Party - if you can smile in peoples faces, and make them to admire you now, you never have nor ever will love me. I see life in nothing but the certainty of your Love - convince me of it my sweetest. If I am not convinced I shall die of agony. If you love me must not live as other men and women do. I cannot brook the wolfsbane of fashion and fopping and tattle. You must be mine to die upon the rack if I want you. I do not pretend to say I have more feeling than my fellows - but I wish you seriously to look over my letters kind and entirely and consider whether the Person who wrote them can be able to endure much longer the agonies and uncertainties of which you are so peculiarly made to create - My recovery of bodily health will be of no benefit to me if you are not all mine when I am well. For God's sake save me - or else

Pleasantry - O what a misery it is to have an intellect in splints! My Love again to Fanny - Tell Tooths I wish I could pitch her a basket of grapes - and tell Jane the fellows catch here with a line a little fish much like an anchovy. pulls them up fast



Remember me to Mr Dilke - mention to Brown that I wrote him a letter at Portsmouth which I do not recollect and am in doubt if he ever will see it.

my dear Miss Brawne
yours sincerely and affectionately
John Keats -

God bye - God bless you